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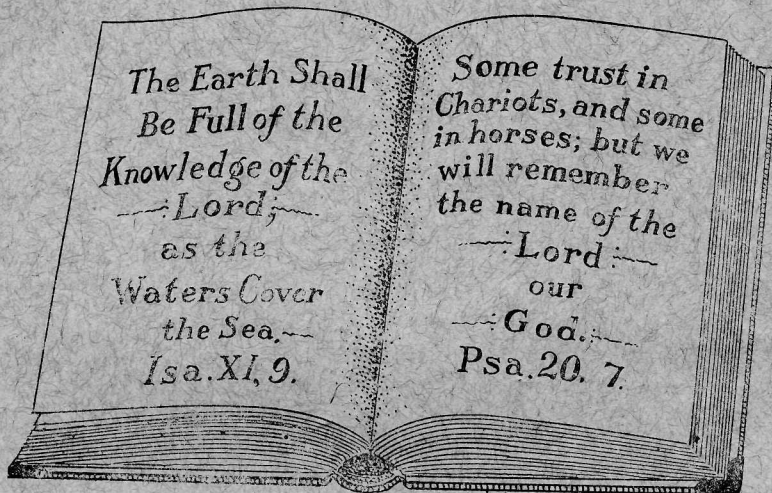
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Evangelical

Samuel Cassel
1-14



Visitor.

GRANTHAM, PA.

JULY 28, 1913.

Evangelical Visitor

The Gospel of Christ.....Saves all Who Believe

VOL. XXVII. GRANTHAM, PA., MONDAY, JULY 28, 1913.

No. 15.

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NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY ETC.,

OBITUARY ETC.,

LETTERS,

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE,

ARE WE FAIR TO HIM.

Some years ago in a village of Western N. Y. on election morning the recognized village toper went to the polls. He asked for a Prohibition ballot, and a liquor seller got him one, supposing a joke was on hand. Folding it as best he could, with trembling hands, the bleary-eyed, bloated-faced, ragged, unkempt man went to the ballot box and registered his wish. Then they began to scoff and sneer at the drunkard who had cast a temperance vote. "A pretty temperance voter *you* are," said one. "Why if there were a bottle of whisky yonder, there at the top of that Liberty Pole, and if you could have the whisky by climbing the pole at the risk of your

life, you know you'd climb." And then the drunkard straightened himself up as best he might and answered them, "Know it!" he said, with trembling, painful emphasis; "Know it! Oh yes, I know it. And I know another thing, gentlemen, *if the whisky wasn't there I would not climb.*"—*Sel.*

TO SAFEGUARD THE LAMB.

A father tells this beautiful and instructive incident: "I took my little boy on my knee and told him the story of the lost lamb: how it found a hole in the hedge and crawled through, how glad it was to get away, how it skipped and played in the sunshine until it wandered so far it could not find its way back. And I told him how the wolf chased, and how finally the good shepherd rescued it and carried it back to the fold. The little fellow did not say a word until I got to that part of the story where the shepherd had carried the lamb, all wounded and bleeding, back to the fold, when he exclaimed, "Say, papa, did he nail up the hole where it got out?"—*Selected.*

There is, unfortunately, a tendency on the part of so many of our people, to forget God and His Church. Sabbath desecration is on the increase. Men are denying the deity of Christ. Let us not forget that if we turn away from God, we will go the way of Greece and Rome, and all the nations that have forgotten God.

No religion which presents false views of Christ can present right views of living.

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EDITORIAL.

THE MISSIONARIES.

July 18, of this year will be memor-
able in the history of the church and in
the lives of those participating in the
event, on account of the sailing of a num-
ber of missionaries with their faces
toward dark Africa. Those going are
Bro. and Sr. Frey with their family of
three children, Sr. Sallie Doner and Sr.
Hannah Baker. The Frey's and Sr.
Doner had spent the last year in the
homeland on furlough, and Sr. Baker
went for the first time. Bro. A. C.
Winger of California will follow a few
weeks later, if providence permit. Those
going were kept quite busy in getting
ready up to the last moment. The
goods which had accumulated here were
all re-packed here, no small work, and
shipped out from here five days earlier.
The last farewell meeting was held at
the Messiah Home chapel on Sunday
evening, July 13, when Sr. Baker re-
ceived ordination.

The attendance was large and the
meeting interesting. The free-will of-
ferings for this occasion reached \$92.00.
They sailed on the Steamer New York of
the American Line, and hope to make
close connection with ship for Cape-
town at Northampton, England. They
wish to be remembered in prayer by the
saints everywhere. The Lord permitted
Bro. Albert Baker of Winnipeg, Mani-
toba, Canada, to meet his sister, Hannah
Baker, here and accompany the company
as far as England. Thus may the good
Lord watch over them and bring them
safely to their destined haven, and to
their field of labor, and there use them
in bringing the light and life of the Jesus
Gospel to those who are yet in the dark-
ness of heathendom and superstition.
Bro. and Sr. Frey's address will again

be Gwanda, East Rhodesia, S. Africa, Mtshebbazi Mission, Sisters Baker and Doner may be addressed at Bulawayo, S. Africa, Matopo Mission until something else is announced.

MESSIAH HOME ORPHANAGE RE-LOCATED.

General Conference, in 1907, and every Conference since, authorized the re-location of Messiah Home Orphanage, and since General Conference of 1913 appointed a new Re-locating Committee, which Committee organized, and proceeded at once to investigate a suitable place and size and finally approved of a plot of ground containing about 26 acres, at Grantham, Cumberland Co., Pa., and at a joint meeting of the Board of Managers with the Messiah Home Orphanage and the Re-locating Committee, elected a Building Committee, with instructions to proceed at once with the erection of suitable buildings, including a concrete block house 36 x 60, three and one-half stories, with other suitable out-buildings, and a water supply operating under gravity.

The future Orphanage Home will be in a beautiful location, facing the Messiah Bible School and the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, as well as the principal part of Grantham.

This plot will be connected with the Messiah Bible School grounds by an iron bridge that will be built by private parties. The Messiah Bible School and Orphanage buildings being only one-fourth of a mile separate.

This plot will furnish ample opportunity for farming on a small scale, and trucking, as well as a little dairying; and since this change is contemplated and started, the Management especially invites those who are favorably inclined, and feel a personal interest in this work,

to co-operate in this worthy cause. All those desiring to co-operate, as well as secure further information, should correspond with either of the following Building Committee: A. B. Musser, Grantham, Pa., J. D. Wingert, Fayetteville, Pa., R. D. No. 2, or S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa. Correspondence should, however, be addressed to A. B. Musser, who is Secretary and Treasurer of the Committee, and who is nearly always on the premises.

The following have already responded to the effort, which is very much appreciated, and thankfully received:

Frederick Fry, Manor District, Pa., \$101.75; Aaron D. Wingert, N. Franklin Dist., Pa., \$51.06; A brother, \$5.00.

Committee, J. D. Wingert, S. R. Smith, A. B. Musser.

VEST POCKET TESTAMENTS.

We have just filled an order of 50 of Holman's Vest Pocket Testaments No. 2113 for Eld. W. H. Boyer of the Dayton Mission. We were able to furnish them at nearly half the regular price. We would be glad to have other Sunday Schools and Missions send in their orders if in need of any. We also have a book suitable for children entitled, "Bed-time Stories," of which we would be glad to distribute many. The price is 25c per copy, or \$2.25 per dozen carriage prepaid.

A very popular line of books, very widely advertized in religious papers, is the series designated "Quiet Talks" on different lines and themes, by Dr. S. D. Gordon. That some of his teachings are unsound has been claimed by the standing alone in his criticisms. However we notice in the August number of editor of the "Gospel Message" possibly

Our Hope the editor calls attention to serious defects as to soundness in that author's most recent book, "Quiet Talks, on the Lord's Return." Attention is called only to two passages, one on page 98 where Dr. Gordon writes, "*But the Coming is not to be expected at any moment, certain things open to all eyes happen first.*" * * * Then on page 77 he writes, "*Here we simply note the awing, solemn fact that at some time before our Lord Jesus comes the Church will have come into that condition that the Holy Spirit will have withdrawn from it.*" Says the editor of *Our Hope*, "Such teaching as the above utterly destroys 'that Blessed Hope' altogether. Where is the blessedness of looking for the 'Man of Sin' and 'the Great Tribulation?'" We need to be careful of what we read.

GLEANINGS

Until we can put away from the minds of men the common error, that the current Christianity of the church is true Christianity, we can make but little progress in converting the world.—*Finney.*

* * * * *

Halting and stammering faith should have no place in the pulpit. Away with needless "softness and self-indulgence." We are not born in porphyry-lined rooms. We do not live in courts and should not preach a Gospel of sycophancy and blandishments. Yet your moral elevation and earnestness overawe the popular levity of the churches. *Selected.*

* * * * *

In the present condition of affairs, unformulated and unbaptized Christianity must sometimes contend against formulated and baptized worldlines. Some indeed have left the professing church in

order to escape corporate responsibility and live better Christian lives. But our first effort in all cases should be to make the church better. Schism in the body is always wrong, but separation from corporate and unjudged evil is always right. We must not antagonize the true church, the most sacred thing in the world, but the evil in the church. The physician antagonizes the disease and not the patient. —*Marvin*

* * * * *

Governments no longer put boy babies to the sword. That is the crude old Pharaoh and Herod way. Here in Pennsylvania the governor and his merry men who sit in our ornate capitol just turn the big beer wagons loose on the streets and grind our boy babies into poor house, jail, and asylum stock. How is it in your kingdom? If I were a mother, and found I could do nothing to save my boy from the state's attempt to liquor him dead, I'd turn him over to God. I'd make a nice little ark out of the promises that grow by the river of God. I'd cover it with prayer. I'd line it softly inside with trust and in it put my boy (II Chron. 6: 41).—*W. H. Ridgway in Sunday School Times.*

* * * * *

We can never buy anything from God. But we often try, Joseph's treatment of his brothers throws light on Christ's treatment of ourselves when we try to do as Joseph's brethren tried to do. They thought they could buy grain from him, and they brought him their money. They got their grain and their money was returned with it. When they needed more grain, they brought him their returned money again, and doubled their purse price. It was no use. In return they received the land of Goshen, and a blood brother who was ruler over all Egypt, and who placed all his resources

at their disposal. We try to buy this or that blessing from Christ by doing certain things, by making special sacrifices, sometimes even by long prayers; and all the time the only thing He wants us to do is to trust Him completely. To be sure, this complete trust means the yielding up of ourselves and all that we have to Him; but that is not purchase money; it is **done** simply that He may give, not sell, all that He is and all that He has, to us. There is no place for barter between the Father and His children, nor between the Elder Brother and His brethren. God forever did away with that when He gave to us His unspeakable Gift.—*Sunday School Times.*

* * * * *

Christ wants to be our friend. He stands at the door of every life and knocks for admittance, that He may come in and take the inner place in our heart. The freindship of Christ is pure and holy and heavenly. Never in all the history of the world has anyone been hurt by anything that Jesus has done. Therefore take Christ as your personal Friend. Whatever other friends may do for you, He can do more. Sweet as human friendship is and rich as it is, it falls far short of meeting the deepest needs of our nature. Christ only can answer all the heart's cravings and satisfy all the heart's yearnings. Christ's friendship alone can give us all the help we need. He is a very present help in every time of need. Human friendship can go but a little way with us. Soon we must part company even with the holiest of them. One of every two friends must sit by the other's bedside and hear the last words and feel the last hand-clasp and say the last farewell. But Christ's friendship goes on forever. He loves us with an everlasting love.

His friendship takes us also in our sin-

fulness and guilt, in our defilement and wrong, and restores us to beauty and brings us at last home in the blessedness of an eternal life. Whatever other friendships you may miss, miss not Christ's friendship; whatever else you may leave out of your life, let no one leave Christ out of his life.—*J. A. Miller.*

* * * * *

A little girl had been out quite a little while. When she came in at length, her mother asked her where she had been. "In the garden, mother." "What were you doing in the garden, my dear?" "I was helping God," the child replied. She explained that she had found a rose almost blossomed, and had bloosomed it. She had only ruined the rose. There are many people who try in the same way to help God, and try by schemes of their own to hasten results.—*Sel.*

* * * * *

The missionary woman sat among the little circle of the darkened lives of village women in North India. "A horror of great darkness was upon them." A darkness as great as the darkness of Egypt, that "darkest hour" just before the dawn, such darkness as none know in the world today but the women of India. The Sahiba spoke of the life and the light and the promise of glory which the love of God has brought into this world. Those sisters of the darkness, pitiable figures, squatting in the dust, listened, listened with their ears until they began to listen with their eyes,—great wonderful dark eyes, opening wider and wider that if possible they might see what their ears were hearing—until at last they interrupted with a startled cry, "Sahiba, are you sure this is true?"

Then this teacher of the light, who had seen the sunrise, told them again of its glory, told them of the star, His morning star; told them of the celestial chorus

and the outshining glory of heaven; told them of the Savior that was to be to "all people."

They listened; they were silent. They rose up in joy and went away to their wretched villages and their cheerless lives in ecstasy, saying, "There is no hope like this in our religion."—*Sel.*

* * * * *

A beekeeper told me the story of a hive,—how when the little bee is in the first stage it is put into a hexagonal cell, and honey enough is stored there for its use until it reaches maturity. The honey is sealed with a capsule of wax, and when the tiny bee has fed itself on the honey and exhausted the supply, the time has come for it to emerge into the open. But, oh, the wrestle, the tussle, the straining to get thru that wax! It is the strait gate for it to emerge into the open. But agony of exit the bee rubs off the membrane that hid his wings, and on the other side is able to fly! Once a moth got into the hive, and fed on the wax capsule, and the bees got out without any strain or trouble. But they could not fly; and the other bees stung it to death. Are you congratulating yourself on having an easy time? No hardness, no difficulties, no cross? Beware lest, like the bees, you lose your wing-power, and perish miserably in the dust.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

* * * * *

"Who is Jehovah," is Pharaoh's sarcastic inquiry, "that I should obey His voice? That is the note which can be heard in the cries of all the secularists of all times, in the coarse taunts of tyrant and despot in ancient days, and in the sneers of the secular press and platform of today. "Who is Christ?" men are asking among us, when the need of His worship and the keeping of His commands are pleaded by His people. These forces can act as Pharaoh acted,

CONTRIBUTIONS.

AFRICA.

BY H. J. FREY.

Number X.

Modern Missions.

Not alone in Africa did the Church lapse into indifference and formality. This was the case all over the Christian world, and we have what is known as the "Dark and Middle Ages" extending from the fifth century, to the time of the Reformation by Luther. Tho the zeal inspired by the Crusades in the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries checked for a time the downward drift, yet the vast wealth that poured into the coffers of the Church at that time doubtless led to Papal tyranny and still greater corruption of Monastic morals. No wonder that in the midst of this internal strife and corruption the outside world was neglected. But a new era was coming. The Crusades helped to awaken the great *Renaissance*, or revival of learning. People read and thought for themselves. Printing was invented. Men began to ply the great seas, and to venture farther out from land. The new world was discovered. Protestantism became fully established. Churches were built all over Europe and America as far as the European population went, but—but little farther. For a long time little thought apparently was given to sending the Gospel to the heathen.

When in the latter part of the eight century William Carey made the statement before a company of Baptists of whom he also was a member that the

with perilous energy. But they come to learn who Christ is and what faith in Him means before the whole action is done.—*Sel.*

Gospel of Christ ought to be preached to every creature, his statement shocked the whole company. But when, years later, one of the committee, a Mr. Fuller had visited India and had been impressed with the needs and the possibilities of that field, upon his return he made this statement to the Missionary Committee,—"There is a gold mine in India, but it seems it is as deep as the center of the earth. Who will go down and explore it?" "I will go down," said Carey, "but you must hold the ropes". Carey went down. His friends held the rope by prayer and support, and the world knows the results.

Coming back again to Africa, soon after the occupation of South Africa by the Dutch, some effort was made to bring the Gospel to the slaves, with but little success. The honor belongs to the Moravians, however, for establishing the first permanent mission in South Africa, in 1737, under the leadership of the consecrated Geo Schmidt. They were followed by the London Missionary Society, in 1798, The Church Missionary Society in 1804, The Wesleyans, in 1811, Baptist, 1821, Presbyterian, Methodist, and American Boards in 1833. Other societies followed until in 1908, according to J. L. Barton, "there are over one hundred different societies at work on the continent, with more than 3200 missionaries, consisting of twelve hundred ordained and six hundred and fifty unordained men. The balance consists of wives of missionaries and single women. These are located at 1050 different centers, and are reaching by their efforts 6000 other points. Already there are 300,000 communicants, with an outside constituency numbering fully 600,000 souls. There are more than 200,000 thousand African pupils in the Christian Common Schools with about 4000 in

schools of the higher grades. With increasing rapidity, Christian forces, represented by the missionary and trained African workers are penetrating into unexplored regions and are establishing work among peoples hitherto unreached.

Africa is no longer an unknown land. Its territory is for the most part well mapped, and its great races understood and their languages reduced to writing. Of its 600 languages and dialects, the Bible has been translated in whole or in part into 120. The last half century marks more intellectual and religious progress in Africa than was recorded by all the preceding centuries of the Christian era. "Day has begun to dawn upon the Dark Continent".

We say, praise the Lord for such achievement. But we must not presume that these results came of themselves. Nay, but they were hammered, as it were, out of a burning forge on the anvil of sacrifice. They were wrung by suffering, from the bosom of the consecrated missionary. They are but fruit grown from the blood of martyrs. It is reported that of more than seven hundred explorers who attempted to penetrate the mysteries of the Dark Continent, 550 of them laid down their lives. Many of these were faithful missionaries, seeking strategic points for mission stations, or attempting to plant them amidst a hostile climate and people.

As an illustration of the experiences of the early missionary explorers, let us notice a few passages from the life of Livingstone. "By and by on the same day, a large spear flew past Livingstone, grazing his neck. The native who flung it was but ten yards off. The hand of God alone saved him. Farther on, another spear was thrown, which missed him by a foot. On the same day, a large tree to which fire had been applied,

came down within a yard of him. Thus on one day he was delivered three times from impending death.....by and by he was prostrated with grievous illness. As soon as he could move, he went on, but he felt as if he were dying on his feet. At last, reduced to a skeleton, he reached Ujiji. What was his misery instead of finding abundance of goods, the wretch, shereef, had sold off the whole....

Harder for us to bear is what we may call social privation and bereavement. For years this man met with no white man, heard no English words save, those from his own lips, or from those of his own black servants. For years he received no letters, even from his own children. Separated from his wife thru many of his earlier wanderings, he welcomed her back to Africa only to see her die with fever in Shupanga. Thru terrible lonely years he wandered, with no hand of love to comfort and no word of love to cheer". Livingstone paved the way for the abolition of the cursed slave trade, and for the entrance of the Word of God. But he never saw the results. Other eyes have seen them here. He will see them in glory.

May every one who reads this be able to say with Livingstone, "I place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in its relation to the kingdom of God. If anything I have can advance that Kingdom, it shall be given or kept as by giving or keeping it I can best promote the interest of Him to whom I owe all my hopes, both in time and eternity. May grace be given me to adhere to this".

When Alexander Mackay was about to sail for Uganda, Central Africa, in his farewell address to his people he said:—Within six months, one of us will be dead. When you hear this, do not be discouraged, but send some one to take

his place. The party sailed. Within a few months the first one was taken, and within two years, Mackay was left alone amidst hostile people. After he had been there twelve years, and seeing but few results, his people wrote to him, "Come home, why do you throw away your life among an ingratiate people?" But Mackay sent back the following characteristic answer.—"What! in the midst of this dearth of workers, is it a time for one to leave his post? Send me first twenty new men as missionaries and I may come to help to get the next twenty. Mackay did not live to see the fruits of his self-denying labors; but all the world has heard of the wonderful revivals in Uganda, the result of his sacrifice.

*"I hear a voice you can not hear
That bids me not to stay;
I see a hand you can not see
That beckons me away."*

ETERNAL DEATH.

BY J. H. MOYER.

By the help of God I will write about the meaning of the word death. Some think Eternal Death means dead in all eternity. Now there is a Natural Death and a Spiritual, and Eternal Death. The first death we read of in the Bible is in the third chapter of Genesis, and this was separation from God, and is called Spiritual Death, and in this spiritual death is the whole human family by nature. Some think there is nothing from God left in man. There are some things in man that are in no other creature. There is something in man that cannot be satisfied with anything man may have or do. Why do people strive so much to get riches and pleasure and honor? They seek rest and satisfaction. Others join the church: others do good works to find rest for their souls. Even the

heathen have no rest. They seek rest with their gods and other things which they worship.

Now when we come to Jesus as poor sinners, and the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, then, in a moment the soul is at home. Just as the prodigal son was with the father. And this is sweet rest and full satisfaction. Now when we obey the Lord in all things and consecrate ourselves wholly to the Lord and cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit in the precious blood of Christ, then we have communion with God. He lives in us and we in Him. Our life is hid with Christ in God, says Paul. Glory to His name. There we are safe for ever and ever. Blessed be the Lord for this blessed hope! When He comes then we are changed in the twinkling of an eye. Or when we die we are only separated from the body, and with Jesus at home. But when He comes we receive a spiritual or glorified body.

But when the sinner dies his never-dying soul is separated from the body and from God and can never die, and his separation means Eternal Death, because it is eternal separation from God and heaven. Communion with God is Eternal Life, separation is Eternal Death.

I experienced something over thirty years ago which makes this plain to me I was entangled in something that was not from God; then such an awful darkness came over me that no tongue can express. I felt perfectly lost and separated from God. Words of cheer did not affect me. I cried, "All is lost! All is lost." Tears rolled down my cheeks. I often said, If there is not more pain in hell than I felt those few hours, I would not be there for all the world can give. O how glad I was when the light came again. Glory to

His name. (May the Lord bless these few thoughts is my prayer.

Telford, Pa.

THE JOY OF THE LORD THY STRENGTH.

BY A. MYRTLE ZOOK.

The fierce conflicts and battles of the present day against truth and untruth, against right and wrong, against light and darkness, call forth the giving of the very life and strength of those whom God has called into the ranks to battle for Him. There is the necessity of learning and knowing the source of strength to which we may flee and from which we may drain, that we may not be

overcome by the enemy and ensnared in his many schemes and devices set for the capture and overthrow of God's own. There is the great need of keeping in such a close and intimate relationship with the Master that He can constantly reveal His will and plan to us, and cause to flow through our lives such a stream of His divine grace, that those with whom we come in contact shall realize the touch as virtue goes out.

We take a view over the vast field of opportunities which God has opened up to His Church for service. We thoughtfully consider the various phases and lines of Gospel work which has been established, under the direction of the Holy Spirit for the enlightenment, rescue and salvation of precious immortal souls for whom Christ died. As we prayerfully wait upon God and ask Him to enlighten us, He reveals to us the inner life of some who have been called to spend their lives in service for Him. We may have wondered at the "joy of service," but we wonder more as we learn in fuller measure what the battle really is and means. The conflicts with the enemy in the rescue of souls whom he

would seek to destroy is real, and the and not fear and become faint-hearted. battle is not against "flesh and blood", but against "principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places". A divine equipment is necessary that one may have strength in the day of battle,

An inside view may be had from the following gleaned from a personal letter from a called and chosen handmaiden of the Lord, who has given years of constant devoted, faithful service to the Lord in city mission work. "After He has called we dare not step aside unless our work is finished, not for earthly gain. It means much to spend a whole life for Him without earthly gain. I am confident no one who has always lived in their own quiet home with a daily income can know what this means, neither shall it ever be known the struggle at times, the tears, the hours of prayer, the clinging to the cross, lest we make shipwreck and become a reproach. I have heard it said about called workers, 'Well, we will see, they will soon get tired.' Oh, could they have known what it has meant to give up all, I am sure they could not have spoken in this way. At times I feel, could only the past nineteen years of experience in the work be spread upon paper, I would gladly let others read and know if it would be a help to them, but you have had enough to know the secret working of the Holy Spirit to bring to light all things."

There are choice souls in the ranks of consecrated and devoted mission workers, both in home and foreign fields who count not their lives dear unto themselves, but, who, with Paul have had the divine life of the Master so gloriously revealed in their lives in the giving up joyfully for His sake and the gospel's, friends, home comforts, and those things so dear to the human heart. To such

is promised the hundred-fold blessing, but, with persecution. Often there comes not only the keen sense of separation, but to be misunderstood and unappreciated in service which has cost most. But in the most adverse and trying circumstances, God will ever keep the one who is loyal to Him and the work intrusted and He will prove true the promise, "The joy of the Lord shall be thy strength."

We wonder from a natural view-point how a missionary mother who has spent years of faithful service in a foreign land for Christ's cause can bravely with Christly submission bear up in the sorrow which has come to her in the loss of six precious children, taken from her in an unexpected hour. But as we notice the resignation to God's providence and her continual interest and efforts in the work to which God called her, we consider this a fitting example of how the "joy of the Lord" shall be the strength of God's children. Sorrow and disappointment may wound and grieve the heart, but it cannot crush it, for underneath is the sweet joy that God gives which upholds and strengthens when the heart would faint and the courage fail.

Morrison, Ill. Mt. Carmel Home.

STORY OF A PLUGGED NICKEL.

BY W. R. SMITH.

One evening a rich city merchant in looking over some small silver coins that he had put into his pocket, during the busy hours of the day found a plugged nickel. (He had made his great wealth, he said, by saving pennies, and here was a whole nickel that was worthless and it worried him.

What should he do with it that would return to him in value, that which he had parted with, that he should not lose any-

thing in the transaction? His chief object in life had been to make money, honestly, if he could, but to make money, and now he had lost a nickel from his many thousands of dollars, which he unconsciously worshipped, tho he professed to be a church member in good standing. There was a time when a nickel with a hole in it, or a plugged one, passed current anywhere, but after a new ruling was made, they were regarded as defaced, and would not pass as money.

This rich man thought more of that small worthless coin than he did of his many dollars, for they were all good and safe, but the nickel was lost to him forever. In place of throwing it away, he carried it around with him, not that he intended to try and pass it off on any of his fellowmen, but simply for company. Sabbath day came round the nickel was still in his pocket, as he wended his way to the church house with his family, where a collection was to be made for the conversion of the heathen people in dark Africa.

The minister made a strong appeal for missions and urged upon the members the great, urgent necessity for a most liberal offering to the Lord's treasury, and the poor lonely faithful missionaries. This poor, rich merchant prince, sat back near the entrance, and by the time the collection basket had reached him it was fairly well filled with checks, currency, gold and silver coins. What should he do? He usually done as much, or rather as little, as he could, and hold his good standing in society, but now all that he had with him was the little lone plugged nickel in his pocket.

He had never tried to pass it off on his fellowmen, for he knew that the one that received it might trace it back to him, and the exposure might injure his business. But the devil told him that it was all so different here, no one would

know who put the worthless coin in the basket, and besides, the Lord, to whom he was supposed to be giving it, was not present and could not see what it was.

Do you ask who the Lord was to whom this man was about to make so generous a gift? Why, the rich merchant said He was the Lord Jesus Christ, who had died for him on Calvary, to redeem his soul from eternal death, the divine Creator of all things, the great Giver of all life and blessings, and the One who had promised him a glorious home in heaven forever. But then, his Lord was very rich, his coffers were full and overflowing, and he held all the wealth of the world in His hands, so He did not require very much of him.

And still further, to quiet his aroused conscience, the devil again spoke to him in thought, saying that every nation and tribe of people on earth should worship their own gods, that the God of heaven and this land was the Christian's God, and besides, a worthless nickel was good enough for a "nigger" any way.

And as the collector passed in front of him he quietly dropped the little plugged coin into the basket, which seemingly as if in shame at finding itself in such good large company, silently slipped under a half dollar given by a poor little crippled newsboy. The minister praised the good people for their generous contribution to the Lord, for His glorious work in carrying the glad tidings of Salvation to a lost sinful race of men.

How good the rich merchant must have felt for such praise, for he had given a whole plugged nickel, worth five big cents, had it not ben defaced, but as it was, entirely worthless. Yes, the people all thought he had made a liberal gift, and that was perhaps what made him sing so earnestly in the closing song.

Fredonia, Kan., R. R. 2.

HE IS COMING.

Beloved brethren and sisters: I greet you all in the name of our blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I wish to stir up your remembrance that our Lord will soon make His second appearance to receive His own to meet Him in the clouds. O beloved, will we be among those of whom He speaks in I John 2; 28: "And now, little children, abide in him that when he shall appear we may have confidence and not be ashamed before him at his coming." I pray that He may awaken us all to a full sense of our duty so that we may unitedly call mightily to God that He will send a great revival among us so that souls may be gathered unto Christ's fold before He shall make his second appearing. May God lay the burden of the unsaved on the hearts of His beloved children and bring them soul travail day and night until many are born into the kingdom of God. O beloved brethren and sisters, let us work earnestly while it is called today for the night cometh when man can not work. We know those of us who will be called home can not praise, honor and glorify Him in the grave. So let us cry to the unsaved and tell them of the undying love the Savior has for them.

Dear brethren and sisters, may our pure minds be stirred up for the coming of our adorable Lord and Savior. How glorious will be the rejoicing in that day! Hallelujah! Praise His name for ever and ever. Let us keep our garments white through the blood of the Lamb.

This is the wish and prayer of your sister in Christ.

Fannie S. Hoover.

A PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Dear readers. Again I come before you, thru the columns of the *VISITOR* with a heart full of love and with a praise for Him who is all love and mercy, whose mercy endureth forever. I felt I should obey the Spirit this beautiful morning as the thought presented itself to me. Why not lift up the crucified One and sing out His praise for what He is to me and what He has done for me. He has saved me from sin and has set my feet upon a solid foundation which is Christ Jesus. I find in Him all that is needed in life to battle against sin, and if we have Him we have all. So many claim to have Him in His fullness and still some are running mad looking and seeking for gifts, such as tongues, and other foolishness which helps to delude and discourage earnest people on the good way. O let us be cautious and use wisdom along those lines. Ministers of the Gospel of Christ, in my estimation (if right) hold one of the most responsible positions known to mankind. For truly leading people to Christ means much; then why not be extremely conscientious, and not be trifling and tampering with never dying souls. They cost much. The price has been paid. Let us not waver: be steadfast and earnest. Be ever desirous of Him and be on the alert, grounded and rooted, so as to be able to defy the teaching of the false doctrines, determined at any cost to go through with Him. Our good old St. Paul, methinks, must have had his own troubles. In I Corinthians chapter 14 he definitely points us to the confusion such things brought in the congregation and I am positive God never designed a gift for anybody's use which would be a means of scattering, or leading people astray. Far from it. God is a just God, and just in all things.

It costs the churches of England about \$2,000,000 to evangelize the Fiji but their commerce last year amounted to \$500,000. Does it pay commercially.

Many of those so-called tongue seekers, condemn the R. Catholic church for its idolatrous worship, and still curious enough, they are rushing pell mell into something every bit as bad, for the tongue is a dull idol. I indeed fear it will be the means of leading people on the broad way to destruction. Let us stop and meditate. What are we doing for the Master? Lifting Him up as Monarch above all, or putting Him in to form the background for some picture conceived from our own big ideas, and which proves a complete failure in the end. Enough said on the above. As for me I am pressing forward toward the mark of the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus. I have had the blessed privilege of attending two meetings this week at the Phila. Mission. Bro. Leaman from California preached. Truly it was food for my soul and also for meditation. He lifted up the Christ. O for such warriors who are not afraid to stand the test, and are not afraid of man.

I presume many of the saints will be glad to hear some of the doings at the Phila. Mission. It is a great field to labor in: much work to do; many poor and needy. The harvest sheaves are lying all around. Who is willing to help gather them in? Are you brother? Are you sister? Are you willing for Jesus' sake. You won't need any scythes or sickles to cut them down; they are ripe and laying down. Won't you help them up, so as to stand erect? You may not be in a position to preach to them, visit them, or correspond with them, but this you can do, help to clothe them, feed them, and when in distress, help them out. Jesus said The poor you always have and you can do them good if you will. Prayers are good in their place, but it does not satisfy their immediate needs

If you, dear saints, could only imagine or half realize the distress and misery that abound in some Phila. homes all around your Mission you would not be one bit surprised or wonder why Bro. Stover makes such earnest pleas thru the VISITOR. One instance I bring before you, indeed, only one of the many, and after you have read it carefully, ponder over it, and just place yourself, Sr., in a similar position and see how it would be if unfortunately such would happen to be your lot in life. God forbid such should be your fate. A woman whose husband left her with six small children, the oldest only nine years old, and every-day expecting another addition. He left her penniless and the little ones crying for bread, and expects every day to be put out of her humble home. She sent to the Mission for Bro. Stover to help her and explained her circumstances. Sorry to say Bro. Stover was not in position to help her much, as there is very little coming to the Mission. But he has done the best he could. He, like the widow who gave her mite, gave all. Then he appealed to the Missionary Society of Philadelphia in her behalf. He never gives up in a case of this kind. If he can not give himself he gets somebody else to give. Many more such cases could be written about if time and space would permit. Pray for us here at the Philadelphia Mission. We need it.

Now may the few lines be consoling and comforting to some even tho it is the sentiments of the heart of a poor ignorant reformed Roman Catholic woman and who has been brought to the knowledge of a living Christ. O I rejoice in the fact that knowledge advances by steps and not by leaps. That is why I am solid, not easily moved. Pray much for me, and if we may never have the pleasure of meeting each other in this life

The two following articles were delivered as orations at the Bible School Commencement recently, the first by Bro. Ira J. Zercher and the last by Sr. Ada Hess.

AMERICA'S ONLY HOPE.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century under divine guidance bands of Christians settled here and there in this country—a country having in its hills untold treasures, unfailing wells of oil, and whose fields when tilled would feed millions, but then scouted by nomadic Indian tribes, and infested with ferocious beasts. Into a country like this our fathers ventured in the cause of Freedom, Liberty and Happiness.

Fostered by the spirit of Christianity they established laws and instituted regulations broad and far-reaching in their scope, considering the happiness of men to be equal to Virtue and Liberty, knowing that a nation could grow only if founded upon Bible principles.

Under these wise and sagacious provisions this our nation prospered and grew. Grew until the nations recognized it, as did Pharaoh, Joseph, that God was with it. Little by little it gained the respect of the powers that were, until today it stands in imposing majesty commanding the homage and respect of the whole world. Today it figures in international affairs; its approval upon important projects is earnestly solicited, and it stands second to none in industry and progress.

there is a certainty by remaining loyal and faithful we will meet in the great beyond where joy and peace abound forever, there to sing praise to Him who has redeemed us thru His own precious blood.

From a Roman Catholic Convert

Mrs. Bessie Dimmick

Almost appalling is the rapidly increasing population of our nation. Since the year 1902, or within the last decade, ten million emigrants entered our borders, coming from every country and race.

Can we for a moment see what this all means? It means ten million people within our borders, under the very shadow of our own cottages, who need to be civilized, who need to be Americanized, who need to be Christianized. Many have come purely for a selfish motive—to get the dollar regardless of what means must be employed. Others, desirous to live in a land of Virtue and Freedom; have left their dear homes for our far-famed America. The latter class being by far in the minority.

What have these millions brought with them?

Some few are educated and probably bring us new ideas and new methods. Not a few bring to our Christian nation strange religions.

Ah, but more complex, and more stupendous, and more intricate is the pathological condition of our dear American people. Having lost the Light which was handed down to them by the early fathers they are groping about in tangible darkness. False lights are leading them. As blind leading the blind, they are following the many isms which are afloat.

Like a monstrous devil-fish, these isms are rapidly embracing the American people into their relentless grasp. More deeply rooted is Mormonism than you are aware. And Mohammedanism as bold as it is, is building upon our own sacred shores temples for heathen worship.

Russellism, the most audacious of them all, comes to us as an angel of light. Its leader posing as a pastor—a keeper of souls—and well is the appellation—for souls are kept in the direst darkness.

doubt and unbelief in the Christ our only hope of salvation. Encouraging disregard for personal conduct, and law, Russellism is fast gaining control of the thought of our so called Christian America. Fed on the delierent second-chance tablets the people are falling into a spiritual stupor from which few if any ever awake until in hell they lift up their eyes as did the rich man.

Like a rising and ebbing tide Doweyism and Eddyism have risen and are now ebbing, leaving their followers like bleached pebbles upon the seashore.

God must, and God will win, just as soon as the Church rises up in the power of the word.

Oh, for a Luther to stir our nation as Austria was stirred when the ninety-five theses were tacked on the church door!

Oh, for a Wesley or a Redfield who thru the power of the Holy Spirit stirred the Christian world; or a Pickett, who when laboring in Colorado, found a nugget of gold and was carrying it home in his handkerchief, but fearing the temptation of becoming rich would overtake him, threw the nugget to the wind, re-consecrated his life and all anew to the great work of saving souls.

Give us souls great as these, with God-power strong and holy as these, to come to our rescue at this critical moment, at this time when the very fiber of our government is being infected. Corruption and graft are abounding on almost every hand. Regardless of what method or means are employed men are scrambling for honor, fame and riches which when gotten will flee as does the night before the morning sun.

Are you one of these or are you one such as Dumah of old? crying:

"Watchman what of the night?

Watchman what of the night?

The morning cometh and also the

night, if you will inquire, inquire ye: return ye, come".

A thick darkness is now settling over this flourishing nation of ours. Will you young men and women rise up in the strength of Him who conquered death, hell and the grave, lifting up your hands, empty of self, so the God can fill them with His own Son, Jesus Christ, who, if held up by you, will draw all men unto Him and thus dispel the darkness?

There is but one solution to this all-important question before us. There is but one hope for this nation. You must, if you will save it, rise up not in a temperance or social purity cause alone. These combined can not supply the remedy. They are reforming but not redeeming. There may be much religion but no salvation. *The plain and simple Gospel preached thru the empowerment of the Holy Spirit and the acceptance of the same is this nation's only salvation.*

I appeal to you all, if you love your country, if the price of the stars and the stripes is dear to you, if you have any regard for the eternal interest of your fellowmen, if you consider it a privilege and not burdensome to give this saving Gospel to your neighbor, if you are eager to have your crown glittering with stars, if you are really in earnest about carrying out the last and greatest commission of our Lord and Savior, if you consider the redemptive work of the blood of Jesus Christ in your life worth while, I say if you consider these sufficient reasons, then consecrate yourselves to God and sow the seed of the Gospel so that the harvest may result in the gathering in of our nation and the nations of the world into the courts of heaven, where from every tribe they shall sing praises and alleluiahs to the Lamb slain, forever and ever, at that time when the kingdoms of this world, shall become the Kingdoms of His Son.

DOES IT PAY?

There is no question that arises often in the mind of every young man and woman, as they look forward into the veiled future, with the fire of enthusiasm and ambition burning in their hearts, than, "does it pay?"

Does it pay for me to plunge into the fountain of knowledge, to hold up high standards of morality, to say NO to all sin, to cultivate a loving character and winsome personality, to deprive myself of worldly pleasures so as to have a rich, pure life and be qualified to lift others to a higher plane, morally and intellectually? But as *they* view the handiwork of God; the earth with its great, tall trees, red, white and blue flowers, the beautiful clouds, the dazzling sun, the warbling brooks, the great wide seas, and the pretty songsters and realize all these have been created for the joy, comfort and satisfaction of man, and to a small extent see God's great love and feel His Spirit wooing their hearts, they are made to ask, DOES it pay to live for such a God?

But ah, our hearts are made to bleed as we see thousands trample under foot God's blessings and hear them curse His glorious name, as tho there were no God to fear and no glories to be attained. Is there no one to tell them of Jesus' power to save? Yes the Spirit is calling Jesus is pleading and interceding and saints are praying but nevertheless souls are madly rushing on to perdition. There must be those who will give their lives to bring them back to God or they will be lost, eternally lost. Can we who have the light in our hand refuse to give it? Too many professed children of God are losing themselves in the cares of this world, with the thought of having beautiful homes, many friends, and a high standard, instead of being lost

in the fulness of God, willing to be anything or nothing, willing to take their lives in their hands and go forth in Jesus' name for the salvation of precious souls. Does it pay to see souls that were once down in the gutter, fettered by sin, hopeless, friendless, despised and forsaken, being lifted by the great love of God, cleansed and purified in His precious blood, filled and thrilled with His Spirit, with the shine on their faces and the shouts on their lips, so that instead of cursings there are shouts of victory and songs of praise to God. Ah, yes, all will say it pays, but who will rush forward into the great battle and prove it by giving their own lives?

When the nation's call is heard, having with it worldly applause and honor many give their lives and means for a little glory which quickly fades away, and all people will bless them and call them noble young men. Jesus has been calling for over nineteen hundred years and only a few have been willing to answer to His call. The question comes to us, why is it? Where does the fault lie? Are you afraid to trust God? Do you fear He will disappoint you, or do you think His work is not worthy of attention? Do you think that God gave heaven's best to save you and allow you to sit at ease while your brethren and sisters are dying without knowing of the blessed gift, without hearing the songs of glory,—feeling the joys thrill their souls, witnessing His saving and healing power, or dying the victorious death? I ask, can you sit at ease, as you hear their cries ringing in your ears, can you withhold your means, will you not take time to pray? God's own words are "Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession". Yes this great missionary plan originated in God's own heart; Je-

sus was a missionary; the Bible is a missionary textbook and the Holy Spirit is a missionary Sender. Therefore can you claim to be God's child and not interested in this great work? Surely the thing that lies closest to our hearts is the thing we will talk most about. Thus it was with Jesus; methinks I can see His blessed face beaming with glory as they gather around Him on Mt. Olivet and He for the last time tells them to go forth and preach the Gospel. As the clouds come rolling down and take Him up the last they hear is "Go ye," "Go ye, Go to the uttermost parts of the earth". Ah, it was the burden of Jesus' heart. He had spent many hours, and even nights, in travailing prayer for the lost world but now He is leaving. His work was finished and He was counting on those He left back to carry out His plan.

As we see them go back to Jerusalem with the missionary fire burning in their hearts, hear them so earnestly preach Jesus and Him crucified after the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, we must say they have not disappointed Jesus. They had severe trials and persecutions to pass thru, but thank God they stood true.

As we behold them in prison with their hands and feet in stocks, see them being lashed, hear them being falsely accused, and amidst it all singing songs of praise and earnestly praying to God, we must say it pays. Could they speak to us today, they would say, Launch out, fear not, it pays, it pays. Yes all down thru the ages we hear the same cry from those who were lashed, crucified, burned, and cruelly tortured for Jesus' sake.

But today the question comes to you what will you say? Fathers, and mothers, will you give your sons and daughters to go forth into the great harvest field? Pastors, will you keep the needs of the field before your members and

send them forth to gather the precious sheaves? Saints of God, will you sacrifice time on your knees for the salvation of precious souls, holding on until you are sure of victory? Prayer is the key to success and as soon as the Church gets upon her knees, souls will come flocking home to God. When you think of the value of a soul, can you find a better investment for your life and money, than to spend and be spent, live and die for souls?

Too many people look at it from a worldly standpoint, thinking of the sorrows of separation, desiring for just a little of this world or fearing an early death. But let us look at the glory side. Just before Jesus left this world He said, He was going to prepare a place for us and that He would soon come and take us to Himself. Why then should we fear death; it will only be glory so much sooner. For here in this world beauty fades away, our sight grows dim, our limbs grow weary, our mind loses its efficacy, weakness often cripples our efforts, defeats our purposes, mars our plans, breaks our powers, hinders our progress, crushes our ideals and paralyzes our hopes,—but when we get to the glory side there will be no fading, no dimness, no fatigue to weary us, no exhaustion to stop us, no enemy to defeat us; we shall then have the power to perform our plans and carry out our purposes. There will be perfect beauty, entire perfection; death can not reach us; fire can not burn us; the sword can not pierce us;—then it will be impossible for us to fall. It will be one continuous state of holiness and bliss, what Christ is that we shall be, for we shall behold Him face to face, praise Him with a perfect praise and shout the shout of victory as we crown Him King of kings and Lord of lords. Knowing then of a surety that loss is gain, that death is life, that sorrow



News of Church Activity

IN THE HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Addresses of Missionaries.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Mary Heisey, Cora Alvis, Lewis Steckley, Sallie Doner, Hannah Baker, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

Jesse and Docie Wenger, H. Frances Davidson, Macha Mission, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa.

H. J. and Emma Frey, Walter O. Winger, Abbie B. Winger, Elizabeth Engle, Sadie Book, Mtshabezi Mission, Gwanda, Rhodesia, South Africa.

Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehman, box 5263, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, box 10, Boksburg, Transvaal, South Africa

India.

The following are not under the Foreign Mission Board:

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Adra, B. N. R., India.

Elmina Hoffman, Kedgaon, Poona Dist., Ramabai Home, India.

Mrs. Fannie Fuller, Gowalia, Tank Road, Bombay, India.

Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cassel, San Marcos, Guatemala, C. A.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.

Philadelphia Mission, 3423 North Second St., in charge of Peter Stover and wife.

Buffalo N. Y., Mission, 25 Hawley St., in charge of Eld. T. S. Doner and wife.

Chicago Mission, 6039 Halsted St., in charge of Sr. Sarah Bert, Bro. B. L. Brubaker and Sr. Nancy Shirk.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 1226 W. 11th, St., in charge of Eld. J. R. and Anna Zook.

Jabbok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Adella Engle, R. R. No. 3, box 1.

San Francisco Mission, 52 Cumberland St., in charge of Sr. Lizzie Winger and workers.

Dayton, Ohio, Mission, 601 Taylor St., in charge of W. H. and Susie Boyer.

is ecstatic joy and that human time is swallowed up in a paying eternal reward—His own glorious crown,—to whom be glory for ever and ever.

PHILADELPHIA MISSION.

Psalm 108: O Lord my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praises, even with my glory; for thy mercy is great above the heavens, and thy truth reaches unto the clouds. Be thou exalted, O Lord, above the heavens, and thy glory above the earth.

David had a wonderful God, and what He did for David He will do for us, if we are willing to take our place, as he did. Praise His name.

David was a man after God's own heart. I am glad for the comfort and consolation we can obtain through God's word. If it were not for this where would we, and many others, be? But God knew what is in man. He knows how to deliver him. He knew which man to use to bring us comfort thru His word. His mercy is so great we cannot fathom it: it endureth forever.

O how small we are, how little we do for one another. Let us take heed to ourselves and not watch the other fellow so much. No wonder Jesus said we should first see to it and take the beam out of our own eye before we try to take the mote out of our brother's eye.

Let us pray that God may show us ourselves. We live in such a low atmosphere. How can we lift our brother higher than we are ourselves? It is impossible, we cannot do it. If we humble ourselves we shall be exalted, then God will lift us up. But if we exalt ourselves He will put us down. That's the reason so many people are not successful in the work of the Lord.

I am glad that *I am*, and also that *He* is the One, and the only One. In Him we live and move and have our being. Blessed be the name of the Lord! I wish I could tell it all, but I will never be able.

We are still in the battle: the fight is hard. It takes trusting and believing to get thru. Faith is the victory. I sometimes feel as tho I was out in the stream rowing against the current and am hardly able to make any headway, the current is so strong. Then something whispers, Have faith in God. This mission work would be having an easy time if we were to just sit still at the mission, keep it clean, eat and drink, and sleep and open up for prayer meeting, and church on Sunday morning, then rest until the next prayer meeting. This would be pretty easy, no doubt

But if we have the welfare of souls at heart we will go out in the highway and byways, visit the poor and needy and those who are sick and afflicted. Doing this we come in contact with many things that are heart-touching and heart-breaking. Then we must call on our brothers and sisters for help so we may be able to help those who are in distress of which there are many.

It is among this kind of people that we work. The well-to-do wouldn't come in with us. Jesus said, The poor you have with you always and if you will you can do good unto them.

Yesterday a baby died about one square distant from our Mission. The parents do not profess to be Christians, and are very poor, having nothing with which to bury their baby. They hardly have clothes fit to put on. The man came to the Mission and with tears asked me to help them. He could not get an undertaker and didn't know what to do. I got an undertaker, a man I am well acquainted with, who has a big heart and loves to do all he can for the poor. So he will bury the child charging reasonably for it. We are now making an effort in the neighborhood to raise the necessary money to defray the expenses. These things are not pleasant yet it's God's way, no doubt. Thru this act of kindness we may win their hearts and God will bring them into His kingdom. This is only one instance, among many, that could be brought before you. I am going round visiting in homes every day. Sometimes I take my push-cart and go from door to door, begging clothes, in the neighborhood of the well-to-do. This is also mission work. Mission work means more than just preaching the Gospel.

Brethren and sisters, if you have any cast off clothing, please send them to us, we need many things. Don't delay. Jesus will soon come and if we know to do good and do it not it is sin. Don't think it is only sin when you commit something. It is just as great a sin when you omit.

We have many poor brothers and sisters at the Mission here who need help, and you know that my heart goes out in sympathy for the poor. Being poor myself, I feel the more for them.

Surely many of our brethren and sisters are well off and have good clothes of all kinds and we have only one Mission in this large city. Will you remember us and give us

a little help on any line you feel for we feel need it. Don't think hard of me for making such pleas. The Lord wants me to do this: this is my mission. Many a poor soul has been saved thru acts of kindness, and I want to be clear in that great day. If I sit here and don't make the needs known I won't be clear. So brother and sister, don't lay this to a side for it is a message from God. Meditate upon it, think it over, help to push the battle. Soon it will be over and then we'll enjoy the blessing that comes from this great and noble work begun here on the earth. May the blessing of God be yours richly.

FINANCIAL.

Balance on hand, \$49.40.

Receipts.

Collections, \$5.82.

Expenditures.

Provision, \$23.57; gas, \$2.50; poor, \$8.00; repairing light, \$1.00.

Your brother and sister in the battle.

; Peter Stover and wife.

3423 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MT. CARMEL HOME.

Report for two months, May and June, 1913.

May Credits.

Mrs. Dayhoff, Kan., \$6.00; H. L. Trump, Ill., \$5.00; Portland Ladies' Aid, Ill., \$10.00; In His Name, Ill., \$2.00; Nappanee, Ind., S. S., \$6.51; Mrs. Smith, Ind., \$.50; Total, \$34.71.

Expenditures.

Groceries, \$19.19; dry goods, \$6.02; repairs and sundries, \$17.29; Total, \$42.50.

June Credits.

Bethel S. S., Kan., \$14.96; M. G. Engle, Kan., \$7.00; Jacob Engle, Kan., \$5.00; A. Snively, Kan., \$1.00; Samuel Wingert, Kan., \$1.00; Edith Haldeman, Kan., \$1.00; Herman Bohlen, Kan., \$1.00; Alma Bollinger, Ill., \$4.00; May Donaldson, Ill., \$2.00; Booth and Woodford, Ill., \$5.00; sundries, produce etc., \$21.70; Total, \$63.66.

Expenditures.

Dry goods, boys' clothing and shoes, \$31.47; groceries, \$28.20; sundries, house incidentals laundry supplies etc., \$15.55; feed for poultry and stock, \$15.12; Total, \$90.84.

Deficit carried over, \$68.79.

Carol unpaid from Nov. 1, to May 1, \$72.65.

Other Donations: Mrs. Smith, Ind., child's aprons, towels, comforter; Mrs., Tilton, Ill.,

(Continued on page 21)

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

To Subscribers—1. Our terms are cash in advance.

2. When writing to have your address changed, be sure to give both old and new address.

3. The date on the printed label will show to subscribers when their subscription expires.

4. If you do not receive the VISITOR within ten days from date of issue, write us at once and we will send the number called for.

To the Poor—who are unable to pay—we send the paper free on the recommendation of others or upon their individual requests. Individual requests must be renewed every six months as a matter of good faith.

To Correspondents—1. Articles for publication should be written on one side of the paper only. Write all business letters on separate sheets.

2. Communications without the author's name will receive no recognition.

3. Communications for the VISITOR should be sent to the Editor at least ten days before date of issue.

GRANTHAM, PA., JULY 28, 1913.

TRACTS.

What We Believe and Why We Believe It, per hundred, 20c.

An Interesting Conversation, per hundred, 15c.

We Would See Jesus, per hundred, 15c.

Repent For The Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand, per hundred, 15c.

Death Eternal, per hundred, 15c.

Scriptural Head Veiling, per hundred, \$1.25.

Retribution, per hundred, 15c.

Prayer, per hundred, 15c.

The Worm That Never Dies, per hundred, 15c.

Points for Consideration, per hundred, 12c.

Scripture Text Envelopes, per hundred, 20c.

Scripture Text Mottoes, \$10.00 worth for \$6 00

Orders for the above tracts, papers and envelopes should be addressed Geo. Detwiler, 1216 Walnut St., Harrisburg Pa. Tracts are free to mission workers.

OBITUARIES.

MECKLEY. —Isaac G. Meckley, of Bachmansville, Dauphin county, Pa., departed this life July 16, 1913, aged 72 years, 2 months and 28 days. He is survived by his wife, Sr. Barbara Meckley, and one daughter Sr. Lizzie Gruber, wife of Bro. Cyrus Gruber of Campbelltown, Pa., two grandsons and eight grand-daughters. During the last year of his life he suffered from a stroke of apoplexy, and became a praying man, altho he never gained a definite experience as might be wished for, yet we know that God is merciful and hope for him a blessed rest. Services and interment a Shenk's M. H., the home ministry conducting the services. Text Ps. 90: 12.

BRUBAKER.—Catharine Royer, widow of the late Rev. Daniel Brubaker, was born March 1, 1835, died May 20, 1913, aged 78 years, 2 months and 20 days. She leaves to mourn her departure, three sons and two daughters. Also fourteen grand children and sixteen great grand children. Her husband, one married daughter and two children in infancy preceded her in death. Funeral services and interment were held at Iona church, conducted by the home brethren, Elders Books and Funk, assisted by Elder Abner Martin, of Elizabethtown, Pa. Altho sorely grieved and bereft of a kind mother, we know that our loss is her eternal gain. She lived a consistent Christian life for many years' and fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

The family.

TRUSTING IN HIM.

I do not know the way that God will lead me.
He kindly veils the future from my sight;
But still with daily manna doth He feed me,
And fills the daily task with heavenly light.

I do not know the conflicts and the sorrows
That He, in loving-kindness still, will send;
I do not question of the coming morrows,
For each day the needed strength He'll lend.

I do not know what future help may lighten
The toil required of me in coming years;
I do not know what future joys may brighten
My heart and life, and drive away my fears.

In God's own keeping lies the future ever,
His sacred promises He will not break;
And as my days my strength will be;
Will He reject my prayer, "for Jesus' sake?"

And so each morning as I bow before Him,
This single prayer alone my lips shall frame;
In humble attitude as I adore Him,
I'll ask for daily strength "in Jesus' name."
—Nettie F. York, Sel. by Clarence E. Heise,
Kindersley, Sask

(Continued from page 19)

saurkraut; Lona Brubaker, Ill., candy; Beulah Musser, Ill., cookies; Mrs. Linning, Ill., sugar.

An explanation might be made concerning the coal item in the expenditures. This is fuel used thru the Winter from Nov. 1, 1912, to May 1, 1913. Our dealer has kindly let us get coal when it was convenient for us to do so and as our monthly receipts have not been sufficient to meet this expense we have made a separate item of this. We hope soon to be able to settle this bill.

A. G. Zook.

HARVEST MEETINGS.

Pennsylvania.

At the home of Benjamin D. Peters near Manheim, Aug. 9, at 1.30 p. m.

At the home of H. O. Musser, 1 mile east of Elizabethtown, Aug. 23. Trains and trolley will be met in the forenoon to convey visitors to the place of meeting.

At the home of S. Z. Bert, near Mowersville, Aug. 2, morning and afternoon followed by services at the Mowersville M. H., Saturday and Sunday morning and evening. If coming by train to Shippensburg notify S. Z. Bert, Mowersville, Pa., and you will be cared for.

At Montgomery M. H., S. Franklin, on Saturday, Aug. 2, at 9.30 a. m. On the day following (Sunday) the newly elected, Bish. Jacob Myers, and deacon, A. C. Myers, will be ordained to their respective offices.

At Fairland M. H., Aug. 23, p. m. (The date of this meeting was changed from July 26 to the new date but the notice came too late to change the announcement in last VISITOR. Make note of the change).

At the home of Henry Baum, near Hershey, afternoon and evening, Aug. 10.

At the home of Ezra T. Heisey, three miles South of Mechanicsburg, afternoon and evening, Aug. 9. Services begin promptly at 2.00 p. m.

At Gratersford, Aug. 9 at 2 p. m.

At Manor, Aug. 2, 2 p. m.

Ohio.

Paradise church, Wayne county, 1.30 p. m. Aug. 9.

Cordial invitations to attend these meetings are extended by all of them.

ORDINATION AND BAPTISM.

Dear readers of the VISITOR, Greeting:—

We are pleased to report to you the ordination of our Bro. John Nigh. On June 30, Bish. Peter Steckley of Bethesda, Ont., came here accompanied by Bro. John Sider of Wainfleet. The service was very solemn. We pray that Bro. Nigh may keep continually fill-

ed with the Holy Spirit because there is great need of consecrated rowkers here at this place. God's power was also manifest in bringing souls to the light of baptism in the same service. Three souls were received into the church, and on July 1, we gathered together again for baptism, and there another young brother came forward and was received and baptized with the others. God's work is moving on at this place, but oh, the need, it is great. Souls around are seemingly thinking of little but this worldly life and what pleasure they can find in it. Pray for us brethren that we may be an entirely consecrated band in doing God's work among the unsaved because when there is unity there is strength and we realize that the more united we are the stronger we will be.

Springvale, Ont.

CAMPBELLTOWN PA.

The missionaries farewell meeting at Campbelltown, Pa., on the evening of July 12, was an inspiring meeting. It being in the immediate vicinity of Sr. Doner's nativity, the neighbors and friends from far and near came to bid her adieu. Elder Frey's theme was "God's call to the Missionary," which he explained very definitely and the writer is sure that some lasting impressions were made. Sr. Frey and Sr. Baker also spoke on various phases of their work. The congregation responded with a liberal offering. While some people think it is foolish of these people to engage in mission work on this line, we were pleased to hear the remarks of an eminent lawyer of a nearby city who expressed himself on this wise, "People who so completely dedicate their lives to God live for a nobler purpose and enjoy higher experiences than we who remain at home looking after our selfish interests."

NAPPANEE, IND.

The love feast held at Union Grove church was held according to announcement. God's presence was manifested among His children and they are able to testify with Paul to the Corinthians, "God is faithful by whom ye were called into the fellowship of his Son, Jesus Christ," our Redeemer

Bro. J. Lyons of Michigan came to be with us. Services were held all day on Saturday, June 15, and were largely attended.

The Holy Spirit's presence was realized and many rejoiced and were edified, especially the isolated brethren who seldom have opportunity to meet with us in general worship.

In the evening the ordinances of feet washing and communion were observed.

On Sunday morning as Bro. Lyons spoke to us it was as Paul's message, not with men's wisdom or enticing words, but as a faithful watchman in the night sounding the danger signal on many lines, and uncovering sins, which stirred the hearers' hearts and moved many to tears.

We are glad that in this Christian life, amid discouragements and opposition God has some true followers who will not allow themselves to be hindered but who are persuaded that nothing shall separate them from the love of God.

William O. Fervida.

AFRICA CORRESPONDENCE.

Matopo Mission, June 11, 1913.

Dear readers of the VISITOR:—

Greeting in the name of our loving Savior who gave His life to redeem us from sin. I praise Him for salvation full and free, and which fully satisfies the soul.

Our loving Father is still with us and helping us in the work in this part of the vineyard.

When we have hard tests and difficulties to overcome His is true and never fails to give strength and courage as it is needed. Praise His name!

The school closed May 30, for a month's vacation. Nearly all the boys have gone away, some only for a visit among their people while others have gone to work.

It had been our desire for some time to spend a few days out among the people, so we planned for the first week of the vacation month.

On Saturday, May 31, Bro. and Sr. Steigerwald, Bro. Steckley and the writer went to one of the out schools about fourteen miles distant, leaving the Mission in charge of the boys.

We pitched out tent near the school building. The brethren, put up a temporary hut of poles and grass and we were nicely settled by dark.

Announcement had been previously made

that we would have daily meetings during the week. Sunday being the day for the regular services the people came for the meeting. Some had not heard the announcement thus did not know we were there and were surprised but glad to see us.

They seemed to appreciate very much that we had come to spend a week among them.

This being the Winter season we had cool but very pleasant weather. One morning we found ice on the water jug just outside our tent. The natives were much concerned and quite frequently asked if we did not get cold sleeping out like that. They also showed their appreciation of our presence by bringing peanuts, indhluba, (a native bean) and milk. One woman gave us a fowl.

The meetings were real well attended by the young people and the interest increased every day.

The believers were encouraged and the unsaved were made to realize their need of a Savior and sought the Lord. One girl especially for whom we have been praying seemed quite penitent and expressed a determination to go all the way with the Lord.

The old people were busy in their gardens and did not take time to come to the services. The baboons are quite troublesome and the people nearly live in their gardens to protect the grain.

Friday being the day for prayer we recalled the meeting at home and as many of the people as could came over. The Lord met with us and we had a good meeting. There were sixty-four present.

On Sunday, the last day, we had a congregation of ninety-nine. Many expressed their appreciation of the meetings and of the help they received.

These precious souls need our prayers: they have many tests of which we know nothing, but Jesus is able to deliver and set them free.

We returned home on Monday, June 9, and found everything well cared for and the boys all well.

The outing and opportunity of having meetings with those precious souls was much enjoyed by all.

Pray for these precious souls in this dark land that many may yet be set free before Jesus comes.

Your sister, seeking the lost,

Mary E. Heisey.

LETTERS.

In Psalm 84, verse 10 we read, "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand," and Peter writes that one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years, as one day. David says further on that he would rather be a door keeper in the house of God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. This is true. If we do get rebuffs sometimes the Lord gives grace and glory. "Blessed are they who trust in him." No good thing will he withhold from them that do right,

Joseph comes to my mind again. When he told his dream to them they took it to mean that they would bow themselves down before him. And was it not of the Lord? Did they not, when they came to him in Egypt, bow themselves before him for corn? They had been envious of him. So likewise did the Jews say of Christ, "We will not have this man to reign over us." Joseph's brethren were angry with him when he told them his dream of sheaves and the sun and moon, and do not people now turn away when God says, Every knee shall bow to Him? But so we must come before Him some day tho we may be angry with God as were the brethren of Joseph with him. But we have it to do with God no matter how ugly we may feel towards Him.

They sold Joseph for 20 pieces of silver, Christ for 30. Joseph was hated by his brethren: Christ is hated by the world. When Jacob sent Joseph to look after the sons they said, "The dreamer....let us kill him." Of Christ they said, "Crucify him....away with him." Joseph forgives his brethren: Christ forgives the whole nation. Joseph seems to be a type of Christ in more ways than any other Old Testament character.

Jeremiah says, "Is there no balm in Gilead: is there no physician there?" Why then is the health of the church so bad? Very moving sermons are being preached even with weeping, like weeping Jeremiah, and people are warned to escape for their lives, and get out of Sodom but the number that can be touched are woefully few. They are ready to say, "Don't be alarmed, the sky is clear." But "The Great Day of his wrath is come and who can stand?" Will there be seven days of grace? God knows the heavens are very

heavy and black and the awful day for the guilty soul may not be far distant. Even tho the sky may be clear suddenly it may rain fire and brimstone from heaven. What then! Poor lost soul, what then!

May all feel their guilt and know that their sin will find them out and wake up before they open their eyes in hell. Let us tell them their danger now. People are seemingly so content and unconcerned about the future as if no danger were threatening. They are engaged seeking pleasure and pride and have want of nothing, but not having God they have nothing. What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul, or what can he give in exchange for his soul? If we could only feel the seriousness of it how different we would be. The seriousness of the matter of the soul it not felt enough in our day.

In what does our God service consist? Is it to show how grandly we can sing, or even kneel in a pharisaical way to show how we can pray? Who gets the honor in these days of blowing of horns, organ playing and choir singing and such-like noise the people are making? Even in the preaching of fine sermons where does humility come in? John the Baptist said he was a voice, not Rev., not many of us are satisfied anymore with a Voice, we like to know who he is. I wish all that was not clean out of me. Jeremiah says, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?" The answer is, God. My Bible always tells me about the heart. Get your heart right and all other things will get right. If this common salvation takes us in hand we will be all right. And there is no other salvation. Let us be humble, willing to take the lowest seat. Let us quit telling how good we are but let us be what the Lord wants us to be. Pray for me.

Amanda Snyder.

Silverdale, Pa.

Dear readers:—

As I have been impressed to write a few lines for the VISITOR, so by God's help I will do so this afternoon.

I am glad that I can say with Psalm 34, "I will bless the Lord at all times, his praise shall continually be in my mouth." Altho trials may come yet I am glad, that as we walk

by faith we shall come out victorious. And when we are under a test that is the time when we can prove God's promises.

I praise God that He has saved me while in my young years. I did not go deep in sin, yet I was the servant of Satan, and he was leading me the downward road. But I am glad when I sought God, that old things passed away and behold all things became new. Then as time went on, God showed me that He had more for me to enjoy. But I was not willing to say "Yes" to His whole will. At last I became so hungry after the deeper things of God that I plunged in for what is promised in I Thess. 5: 23, and, praise God, when I met the conditions, He did fulfill His promise.

I praise Him that He has taken the desire for worldly pleasures and worldly associates out of my heart. Unsaved people sometimes ask me where I find my enjoyment, as I do not go to the world's amusements. But I praise God that I have found something better. They think we are under a heavy yoke and are not free as they are. But I do praise God that there is a real freedom found in Jesus Christ. As we read in His word, "Whom the Son maketh free is free indeed" there is a real sense of freedom comes and takes possession of our hearts.

(This afternoon my all is on the altar, and by His grace I expect to be true to Him.

Your Sister,

Lizzie Sider.

...Perry Station, Ont.,

Let it be known to all who may read this that I am doing all in my power to let Jesus live thru me, and that I may live with Him forever. How well I remember as I look back how over thirty years ago when a little boy of four and a half years, one evening mother went away somewhere and left father and me alone. Like children do I soon tired of play and wished to go to bed. So father took me in his arms and began to walk to and fro. You see we had no rocker then. Picture for yourself a dingy kitchen with an old time fire place in the wall. How well I remember when he pressed me close to his breast and sang the well-known song: "Mary and the Wild Moor." How solemn it seemed to me as it pictured the wayward daughter returned on a bitter cold night with her little babe held close to her breast. How that

struck deep into my young heart, to think how she must perish out in the cold. I tho't of the little babe, and how nice and warm I was, and then at the close of the song, how deaf her father was to her cry. He did not hear her knock and she froze to death, but her little babe lived, and as the song went on I began to cry. Father looked down and wondered what was wrong and I told him. Thank God, then was the time he received the message from above, for he said, "So that is what makes you cry! God bless you," and I could see the tears as they rolled down over his cheeks. Not long after that both father and mother accepted Christ as their Savior.

I never knew why father tho't so much of me until I grew older and remembered that which I have just written, then I knew. Father has crossed to the great beyond where I hope to meet him some day, and whoever may read this story, I admonish you to believe on Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and serve your God the remainder of your life.

My wife and daughter were baptized with me in the Delaware river on April 13, 1913, and we are still going on.

Bro Peter Stover surely is a noble worker with his collections of clothing and food which he gives to the poor of the neighborhood. Hoping to always have your prayers, I am always,

Yours in Christ,

Wm. M. Everly.

Philadelphia, Pa.

To all the dear readers of the VISITOR, Grace and peace be multiplied.

It is for some time that I felt impressed to write for the columns of the VISITOR and heeding the plea of the editor for more contribution, I shall endeavor, by the grace of God, to do the little I can. When I think what God has done for us; in the first place, He gave His very best, and the only one who was able to open the way and give unto us the plan of salvation and redemption, that thru faith in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ we are able to be set at liberty, saved, cleansed, and kept by the power of God thru Jesus Christ our Lord.

I praise God that more than half of my life has been for God, and today, as ever before, I mean to be true to the One who bore my sins on the cross. How blessed to know

when we stand free before God with a conscience void of offence toward God and man. I realize that there is no virtue in me but that which has come alone thru Jesus Christ. I praise God for this.

I also praise Him for the desire He gave me to leave the world, the things of the world and to have only Christ in view who was made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. How blessed when we are set free and are free indeed!

I praise God for what I was permitted to hear since I left my home in Pennsylvania and came West. The fellowship with the saints, how blessed! How our spirits blend when we are of one mind, and we are encouraged to press forward and upward toward the mark as it is in Christ Jesus.

The love feasts have been so encouraging and edifying to all who are truly the children of God. I praise God for honest souls whom we meet when we go from place to place desiring to be more filled with the Spirit of God: others who wish to be delivered and receive power to stand for God.

Praise God for the hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and also the promise that they shall be filled. It is my desire that I may keep low at the feet of Jesus that wherever I be God may receive glory out of my life, and that I may hear the voice of God speaking to me, and that God will hear my cry.

I praise God for all the Lord has been to me. It encourages me to obey God in all things that when I shall stand before Him that I may be one of those whom God will accept. It would be too sad to hear the word, depart, I know you not.

The tho't to be alone with God and have sweet communion with Him is so blessed when we enter our closet and pour out our hearts to Him and cast our burden on the Lord. In this I have found the Lord to be true and very near.

I wish the rich blessing of God to all, and asking your prayer for me that I may be at the place as we read in II Peter 2: 10, the latter clause.

Barbara E. Hitz.

Abilene, Kans.

In the sight of Christ's teaching, the whole tithe for us may be more than a tenth. Jacob had no church to support.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE BASE BALL FIELD AND ITS WRONGS.

BY JACOB ZERCHER.

The time so often comes around
For playing on the base ball ground,
To simply play might be in place,
Such are, however, not in grace.

So first of all its understood
That they who in this way get food,
For *them* to play may be in place
But the noise that's made is a disgrace.

The noise it comes so fast and thick,
Is hard upon those who are sick;
As those who are on sickbeds laid
Can in no way this noise evade.

The players and the lookers on
Are all as one among this throng,
The difference here no one can tell.
One is the Judge, who judgeth well.

Before *Him* all will have to stand:
Who then would want a bat in hand,
Who would be met, right in a game
And take the wages for the same?

If play you must, dear base ball boys,
Can you not play without such noise?
Can't you to one another say,
Noiseless shall be our play today?

This exercise may not be wrong
For those who to the world belong,
But can't you play without such noise
My dear, young, hearty, base ball boys;
And have respect for Christian men?
So far the Lord would bless you then.

Of course it is the devil's ground,
His servants on the same are found,
The noise is his, his is the noise,
And in the same he does rejoice.

He'll hide the wages of the noise
For the lookers on, and the base ball boys;
He'll try to catch them in his trap,
Because he is a cunning chap.

He is anxious for the base ball day,
He is well pleased with a noisy fray,
He says both to the men and boys
He is the best man who makes most noise.

It is his work, it is his trade,
To keep men blind until too late,
And when he has them in a stew
He smiles, he was too sly for you.

He knows full well the noise is wrong,
Because all wrongs to him belong,
He is a cunning sly old chap,
I tell you now: don't forget that.

He says its right, but knows its wrong,
His subjects he does lead along,
He calls bad things all right and well,
And knows himself it leads to hell.

Misfortune sure hath sealed
The homes which are close to the field,
Tho they don't like, the devil will
Have pleasure in these noises still.

What can we of the world expect
Who often words of truth reject?
The saddest thing yet of it all
Is why professors here do call.

Now preacher search right well your book,
As many do up to you look,
If they go wrong you are to blame
If you have led them in the same.

The Book says "*Strive* to enter in,"
Must first then leave the fields of sin,
God is not in this kind of noise,
For neither preacher, men, or boys,
Two masters you cannot serve you know
Because the Bible tells us so.

The noise that's made is surely wrong,
Before our heavenly Father's throne,
A thing which God will never bless
Because it is unrighteousness,
If we look on, it tells to them
That we have pleasure in the same.

The Bible plainly does express
To have pleasure in unrighteousness,
Shall have no part, neither shall dwell
Where all things are forever well.

Now take your Book from off the shelf
And read these words for your own self,
The Book of books, which God did say
Will be our *Judge* in the *Great Day*.

To II Thessalonians turn and see,
The chapter is one less than three,
The verse which doth this truth affix
Is three times four, or two times six.

Now take this warning if you can,
They are not only thoughts of man,
Yet man has wrote them with a pen
If God will say "*Depart*," what then?
Florin, Pa.

YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

It was an August afternoon. The hot winds were sweeping over the western prairies. Not a green thing was to be seen. The earth was parched and dried up, and the heavens were brass. Everything seemed to be crying, "Water, water."

Rachel stood in the door of the rude cabin on the plain, and shading her eyes with her

hand, looked far over the prairies. "Why don't father and mother come?" she said. "There, I guess they are coming now."

No, it was only an immigrant wagon, but it was following the trail that would bring it right by her door. Two half-starved horses drawing a dilapidated wagon, a drunken driver, a sick woman, and four children—these were what Rachel saw when they drew near. "Any water?" asked the driver. "Whiskey ain't as cooling as some other things on a day like this.

For an instant Rachel hesitated; a pail of water stood on the bench behind the door, but it was the very last they would be able to draw from their well, and when that was gone, where was more to come from? A thin white hand lifted the cover and a pale face looked out.

"God will bless you, my child, if you will only give us a little water."

Rachel hesitated no longer. She quickly took the dipper from the nail on which it hung, and carried the pail to the wagon. The half-famished creatures soon emptied it, and the dog came and licked it dry.

"Remember, child," said the woman, as they drove away "who it was that said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.'"

Rachel watched them out of sight, and when she turned and entered her humble home, she felt happy, despite the fact that she knew not whence the next drop of water was to come. All afternoon a still, small voice kept saying, "Ye have done it unto me; ye have done it unto me. It was dark before her father and mother returned. They had gone several miles beyond the village to a well where they heard water was to be had, and brought back two barrels full. The little family on the plain suffered many privations during that year of drought, but the needy were never turned from that door.

The years passed by, and the desert began to "blossom as the rose." Fertile fields, thriving villages, and populous cities were to be seen on all sides. It was then that the brave-hearted people began "a peaceful war for God, and home, and native land."

Rachel was no longer a barefooted girl, but had developed into a comely matron, and was one of the most valiant soldiers in the great struggle. She had been the means of securing a well-known speaker to deliver a

lecture in her town.

"I love this country," said the speaker, as he looked over the large audience. "I shall always love it; for it was on these plains that I took my first temperance pledge. When I was a lad my father settled in the western part of the State, but during the Summer of the great drought we were literally starved out. Packing our few effects into the wagon, we started back East.

"For days we traveled over the parched desert, thru winds and drifting sand, with scarcely water enough to moisten our burning lips. Finally we came to a house. It was only a shanty standing alone out on the wild prairies, but it was the home of an angel of our deliverance. A sweet girl brought out a pail of water, and gave us all we could drink. I have since been afraid that it was all she had, and have often wished she could know just how much her cup of cold water did in our family. We held a praise meeting right there in the old wagon. My father threw away his whiskey bottle. 'This is my thank offering,' he said. Mine, said my mother, said my mother, shall be my boy. I promised her then for the rest of my life to be a soldier in the cold-water army."

Rachel bowed her head to hide her tears that were coursing down her cheeks, and she heard the still small voice say, "Ye have done it unto me! Ye have done it unto me!"
—*Unknown. Sel. by J. G. H., Florin, Pa.*

A "Wand Ad" in a Texas paper caught the attention of a young girl in a country home, and believing that a good position was to be secured, where she could earn for herself an honest living and make her way in the world, she came to Fort Worth, Texas, and sought the position. The place to which the innocent and unsuspecting girl went was a den of infamy, where she was locked in and held in bondage. For two weeks she endured the torments of this living death, but one day she got access to a phone and called for help. Friends came, forced their way to her prison, and she was rescued.—*Sel.*

How restful Christianity is compared with other religions. The apostle John in his old age wrote, "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear" (I John 4: 18).

PREPARING FOR SUNDAY

"It is so hard to get ready for church Sunday mornings at our house;" exclaimed one of the best mothers in Israel, —or so at least Mrs. Dixon was rated in the neighborhood.

"Tell me some of your hindrances," said the visitor who was one of a generation older than her own irregular attendance at church.

"In the first place, breakfast is very late." "Mistake number one," said Mrs. Sutherland. "Breakfast at eight would allow a Catholic maid early mass, which, by the way, is a reflection on your church going is it not?"

"Yes, it is," allowed Mrs. Dixon, with flushing face. "If a Roman Catholic maid cannot have her ten o'clock mass she will cheerfully go at seven or even at six o'clock, and we cannot get ready to go at the eleventh hour!" "I never thought of this so directly before."

"Well, my dear, Norah has shown you how cheerfully one may give up the Sunday morning sleep. A little extra rest is quite sensible, but if church-going were as interesting or as important to us as business or sightseeing or shopping you could manage it. Don't you think so?"

"O dear Mrs. Sutherland; you make me feel positively ashamed. . . But breakfast is not all that hinders. One or two of the family, or more, must have their bath."

"Not must have on Sunday, unless it is a daily custom?"

"Why, yes, to change the underwear," Mrs. Dixon explained.

"But why not before retiring Saturday night, or before dressing, Sunday morning, by some good-natured arrangement between Mr. Dixon and your son?"

"I suppose they might," said Mrs. Dixon, sighing, "but they don't"

"Certainly cleanliness is only 'next to

godliness,'—or as I should render it—one form of godliness, and church-going is another form; but as the bath can be any night or any other morning, I should advise my dear ones to go without it, if there were not time for it on Sunday before ten o'clock."

"O dear, you make it seem absurd; you must reason with papa and the boys. While they were little fellows we always went to morning service."

"They all have Saturday afternoon free from business, I think," queried the earnest old lady.

"Certainly; but they go somewhere; they must have some recreation."

"I see: but must the recreation always be such as to prevent Saturday from being the 'preparation day?' If the recreation is of so fatiguing a nature as to make it necessary to spend Sunday morning, up to a later hour, in rest, is not such recreation itself a form of Sabbath-breaking?"

"Give the boys that idea. But there are other things that turn up almost wilfully: one might say, a spot to be cleaned from somebody's suit; a button comes off a glove. Henry says those things are akin to the beast in the ditch, that was taken out, aunty."

"Now, if you wont mind plain speaking, Jeanette, I think you forgot to use Saturday as a preparation day for the first of the week."

Not a word was spoken by Mrs. Dixon, but she bent over her needle-work industriously.

"You may remember Saturday afternoon when you were a girl, my dear, when you used to call for my girls."

"No," interrupted Mrs. Dixon, "to be honest, they used to call for me and hurry, sometimes help me, to go for a ride or a visit. They were always ready on time."

"Yes, Saturday was our seventh day. No peice of work was ever begun Saturday; by noon all household work was done. Only the meals remained to be dispatched. All my life my girls and I had a half-holiday on Saturday afternoon, and Sunday morning found us refreshed. Clothes were looked over, shoes and gloves put in order on Saturday morning."

"I see," said Mrs. Dixon, "I will turn a new leaf."

"Amen," said aunty Sutherland. "And let all the Dixons say, Amen."—*Sel. by Stayner, Ont.*

REFORM NOT SUFFICIENT.

There is much of unrest and concern at the present time over the prevailing vice and immorality that obtains to so large an extent in this and other countries, and governments are puzzled as to how to deal with these conditions. Vice commissions appointed by the governments of cities and states investigate and make reports. The authorities are hard put to to know how to work out a remedy. It seems as tho conditions are getting worse instead of better under the agitations that are the result of the investigations. Even the reports rendered by these investigation commissions are considered, by some, not to be safe reading for the general public, especially not for immature minds. Here and there one or more recognize that at the root of all of this great evil lies the old truth so plainly taught by the Scriptures that the heart of man is bad, or as the prophet says, "The heart of man is deceitful... and desperately wicked," and that the only remedy that is effective is the regeneration of the individual.

"No *reformation* will suffice,

"Tis *life* poor sinners need,"

and so *reformation by regeneration*, is

the sure cure for all of these evils. The following article entitled, "REFORMATION THROUGH REGENERATION" from a recent editorial in *The Friend* is a reasonable statement of the matter—Editor.

A little more than a year ago, at the suggestion of the Director of Public Safety, Mayor Blankenburg of Philadelphia appointed a "Vice Commission" to investigate conditions in this city. The Commission was composed of both men and women to the number of twenty-two, all of them prominent as lawyers, physicians, ministers, business men or workers in social or reform institutions.

"Their report has been printed and makes a book of one hundred and sixty-four pages. However much such an exhibit may be needed to arouse a sense of responsibility in those members of society who are indifferent to the evils which prey upon their fellows, so long as those evils do not come into too close proximity with themselves, it must be conceded that this report can hardly be regarded as *wholesome* reading even for persons of mature age, to say nothing of those of fewer years. Its revelations are startling if not edifying. They ought to bring home to every true Christian a fresh sense of the need that exists for spiritual awakening, and for rightly qualified messengers to carry to the slaves of sin the 'terrors of the law' and also the 'hope of the Gospel.' In the face of any and every form of iniquity with which communities are cursed, the Christian has need to ask, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' 'How far or in what measure am I responsible?'"

"Every honest investigation into the social evil reveals its close connection with the traffic in intoxicating drinks. This report is no exception to the rule. It would not be correct to say that either fosters and promotes the other. Yet this is not alone true of these two forms of evil—for indulgence in one sin, of any form, leads to another, of some other form. It is not strange therefore that probers into evil conditions usually find not only what they are searching after but some things for which they were not seeking. Thus this Commission

could not faithfully report the results of their investigations without referring to dance halls, moving-picture shows, theatres and corrupt police and magistrates, as well as to the saloon.

"Fresh confirmation is given to the testimony of some who have been prominent on the stage as to the almost universal moral degeneracy of professional actors and actresses—seeming to be nearly an inevitable result of the business they follow. In view of these easily ascertained facts it is difficult to understand the attitude of many educators and religious teachers toward the theatre. Persons professing to be ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ openly patronize the play-house and encourage those under their care to do so, while educational institutions from universities to kindergartens are developing a taste for acting and theatrical exhibitions by the amateur performances which they not only *permit* but also *promote*. Puritanism may have seemed harsh and repellant, but its effects upon religious and moral character were certainly better than the present liberal license given to practices of questionable if not absolutely evil tendencies.

"Among the several recommendations of the Commission, more stringent laws are outlined and proposed. We are often reminded that men cannot be made righteous by law, and few will be found to dispute the statement. It does not follow that good laws do not tend to promote righteousness, nor that unrighteous ones are not incentives to wickedness. Because we cannot make people righteous by law is no excuse for framing unrighteousness into our laws. By all means let us set up a high moral standard in our legal enactments, making every vice illegal, and its practice incurring penalties sufficiently severe to act as a deterrent. Yet more than better laws we need a faithful, energetic *administration* of law. If the administration of existing State statutes and municipal ordinances were in the hands of righteous officials, honestly desirous of suppressing wrong-doing, all of the social evils would speedily be greatly diminished.

"Neither righteous laws, nor their honest administration, nor any amount or kind of intellectual culture, can eradicate the evil in the nature of man from which spring vices of every sort. Men need *reformation*, but *regeneration* is the one effectual means of reforming them. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." The self-righteous moralist needs Christ—the slave of evil passions and vicious habits needs Him equally as much, tho neither of them may be conscious of his need. May we who have felt the need and found Him let our light so shine before men that they may see both their unrighteousness and the *one* Savior, and may we live in such a state of preparedness for our Lord's service that we may hear when He speaks to us, and go when He sends us to carry His messages of warning and entreaty to those about us who sadly need *reformation* thru *regeneration*!"

A BRIEF BIBLE READING.

The work of the Holy Spirit is 1. A work of divine power. It convinces man of sin. John 16: 6: "And when he is come he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness and of judgment." 2. Admits him to the Father. Eph. 2: 16: "For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father." 3. Enlightens his mind. I Cor. 2: 10: "But God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." 4. Regenerates his soul. John 3: 5, 6: "Jesus said, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit." 5. Sanctifies his nature. I Cor. 2: 11: "For what man knoweth the things of man, save the spirit of man which is in him,

even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." Matt. 11: 27: "All things are delivered to me of my Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." 6. Endows him with Christian graces. Gal. 5: 22, 23: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith (rather faithfulness), meekness, temperance." 7. Seals him to eternal life. Eph. 4: 30: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Eph. 1: 13, 14: "In whom ye also trusted after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also, after that ye believed ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory." 8. Reveals future events. Luke 2: 26: "And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." II Peter 1: 21: "For the prophecy came not in old by the will of man, but holy men of God spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." 9. He is distinctly named as a person in the God-head, in the baptismal formula. Matt. 28: 19: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." In the apostolic benediction. II Cor. 13: 14: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen." 10. One of the witnesses in heaven, (I John 5: 7). I John 1: 7, 8: "This then is the message which we have heard of him and declare unto you that God is light and in him is no darkness at all. If we say we have fellowship

with him and walk in darkness, we lie and do not the truth; but if we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship with one another and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—*Printed by request of E. Morrison.*

NO LIFE TOO HOPELESS.

Some years ago a Chinese woman brought a slave girl to the mission hospital in Canton. The girl was blind, and was growing lame. Her owner, fearing that she might become valueless, wanted the missionaries to cure her. The doctors, after an examination, reported that not only was the blindness incurable, but that it would be necessary to amputate her leg. The owner, on learning this, promptly abandoned her as helpless property, leaving the slave upon the hands of the mission.

Amputation was successfully performed, and when the child was well again, the missionaries gave her light work to do about the place. But the poor cripple's troubles were not yet over. She developed leprosy, and, as required by the law, had to be sent to the leper settlement.

Blind, cripple, a leper; yet there is one more thing to be told about her. During her life in the hospital, she had learned to know God, and when for the last time she had passed through those friendly doors to go to the darkness and horror of the leper settlement, she went a Christian.

In two years that blind cripple had built up a band of Christians in the leper settlement, and other leper villages were sending to ask about the wonderful, good news that could bring joy even to outcasts. In five years a church had grown out of her work and now a hospital is being planned. That poor cripple

outcast life is today a center of joy and service for her Master.

And so the precious lesson, freighted with encouragement, comes home to our hearts today, pointing us to the fact that any life, however crippled, however poor, miserable and hopeless, and however broken and marred by the insidious inroads of sin, may, by the transforming power of God and the blessed Holy Spirit, be changed into a life, not only of joy and gladness, but one of invaluable service to Christ, and of wonderful blessings to suffering humanity.—*Sel.*

The sufferings of Russian Stundists in both state and monkish prisons between 1890 and 1905, were not a whit behind those of the Puritans in the terrible seventeenth century English jails. The monastery dungeons are underground and swarming with indescribable vermin. Food is given irregularly, in most cases by orthodox devotees who seek to make merit by feeding imprisoned persons. The monks themselves rarely feed their prisoners. During Alexander III's time the state prisons were hardly better than the church ones. For days at a time Christians have starved and the cruel wardens often made mock at the martyrs. At times the jailers, after allowing prisoners to hunger, would offer them a bottle of brandy, saying, "Drink this bottle empty and then you shall have bread." "We shall never drink of it," the martyrs would reply. "Well, then, die of hunger," would come the answer and the sufferers would be left to their fate. The prisoners were often scourged terribly with the Knot because they refused to go to service in the prison chapel.

It is related of Ivan Rjaboschapka, a very active evangelist in the nineties, who

was many times apprehended of the authorities and imprisoned, that during one of these incarcerations he suffered bitterly from want of food. Accustomed to clean, nourishing rye-bread, his system was not satisfied with the repulsive low-grade prison bread. After some months he was reduced to a shadow, a butt of ridicule for the jailers. There happened to be a little corner leading from his cell under a stairway, where he was wont to pray. One day completely exhausted by his long hunger and broken for the lack of sleep which vermin caused, he crawled into this corner and wept like a child. Then he threw himself on his knees and began to pray:

"Lord, Thou knowest that freedom is that which I most long for, in order to visit the brethren and strengthen them. Yet I cry unto Thee now not for this thing. Thou seest that I starve. I cry unto Thee, give me bread that I die not of hunger. Thou feddest Elijah in the wilderness. Thou dost feed the birds in the heaven and the animals in the field. I pray Thee, Lord, give heed. Amen."

After this prayer he fell asleep and first awakened when he heard his name called in the corridor. He left his corner and came into the cell where he found four Stundists who had just been brought in. "Have you bread?" was his first question. "Yes, little father, a whole sack full. The women baked it this morning before we came away," replied the brethren. The poor Rjaboschapka grabbed and ate, so he later affirmed, as never before in his life. When he had finished he began interrogating the Stundists why they had been brought thither and from what village. From their answers he learned the following: All four were from a neighboring hamlet. They had tried various times to penetrate into the prison in order to bring money and bread to their leader,

but had not succeeded. When they offered the prison warden money he still refused to admit them. So they resorted to the last means at their disposal, namely, the surrendering of their own freedom. They went to the police, confessed themselves to be Stundists and asked for arrest. They did not have to ask twice and were soon behind bolts and bars, but in this way they succeeded in bringing bread to their little father.—*Sel.*

WHY HE YIELDED.

The following testimony was given by a convert at a meeting: "Last night when I was about to retire my little three-year-old girl, who was awake, said to me, 'Papa, don't you say your prayers?' I told her lightly that mama did the praying for both of us. Soon she said, 'Papa, don't you know how to pray?' I said thoughtlessly, 'No.' In a moment she was by my bedside, saying, 'Poor papa, I will teach you how to pray, 'With all my excuses she would not sleep until I arose, and kneeling by her side repeated after her, 'Now I lay me down to sleep'. Then she went back to her bed, and in a few moments was in the land of dreams. I didn't sleep that night God had spoken to me through my baby girl and I felt that if I die before I waked my soul was lost. All this day I have been miserable, but tonight I have found peace. I expect to pray that little prayer with my child tonight, knowing that living or dying I am the Lord's".—*The Epworth Herald.*

LOVE FEAST.

On September 20, 21, a love feast will be held at the home of Bro. Harrison Brouse near McVeytown, Pa., to which all are cordially invited. Come to McVeytown with train coming from the East reaching McVeytown at 10.38 a. m.

LOST SOULS.

LOST SOULS! Can you get a faint idea of the measureless depths of meaning in these two small words? What oceans of tears! What overwhelming bursts of wailing and gnashing of teeth! What eternities of despair! Irredeemably lost. No chance for a light to shine out on their devil-begrit, furnace-heated, pall-shrouded, downward, outward, hellward pathway! Lost to happiness and holiness! Lost to God and the redeemed! Lost to Heaven and hope! Lost! and no hope of ever being found! Not one dim, distant hope of ever being anything but more hopelessly, ruinously, despairingly lost during all the eternities to come!

From woe to more woe; misery to worse misery; ever, always lost! Lost, because they would be lost. Lost, while their bosom friend was found! Lost while Jesus was seeking them, and found them, lost; but they would not be found. They gained the world, and lost their souls. They gained the shadow and lost the substance; gained the briers, and lost the flower; gained famine and lost plenty; gained foes and lost a friend; gained eternal damnation and lost eternal life.

Lost amid the outer darkness! Lost in the smoke of torment! Lost in the lake of fire and brimstone! Lost amid the howling of myriads of tormenting devils, the shrieks of the damned, "a horrible tempest," ten thousand thunders! *Lost! LOST!! LOST!!!* The bells of eternity are tolling the requiem. Time warns you. The Bible warns you. The Spirit warns you. Shall you and your loved ones be lost? Decide now, while Jesus calls, or you are *LOST*.

"Time's sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh,
Its evening is falling in clouds o'er the sky,
Its shadows are stretching in ominous gloom,
Its midnight approaches—the midnight of gloom.
Then haste, sinner haste, there is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing—flee lingerer, flee!"

This tract can be had of S. R. Smith, Grantham, Pa., at 15c. per 100. \$1.00 per 1000.

TIME, DEATH and ETERNITY.

READER: Thy time on earth is short. The closing year, each setting sun, each tick of the clock, is shortening thy days on earth, and swiftly, silently, but surely carrying thee on—on to ETERNITY and to GOD. The year, the day, the hour, the moment will arrive that will close thy life on earth, and begin thy song in Heaven, or thy wail in Hell. No future hour shall come to bring thee back to earth again, thou art there forever—for ETERNITY.

To-day thy feet stand on TIME'S sinking sand; TO-MORROW the footprints remain, but thou art gone—where? Into ETERNITY.

To-day thy hands are busy at work, thine eyes are beholding, thy mind is thinking, thou art planning for the future. TO-MORROW all is still; the folded arm, the closed eye remain, but thou art gone—gone to ETERNITY. Others were once busy as thou art; they are gone—gone to ETERNITY. The merry voice, the painted clown, the talented artist, whose presence made the theatre and the pantomime an attraction for thee, are gone; they are removed far from the region of fiction to that of reality—the reality of ETERNITY. The shrewd merchant whose voice was so familiar to thee on the crowded Exchange is hushed, he buys and sells no more—he has entered ETERNITY.

And, reader, THINE OWN turn to enter ETERNITY will shortly come. Ask thyself honestly, "Am I prepared for ETERNITY?" Give thy conscience time to answer; listen, it speaks to thee to-day. Drown not its voice lest it speak to thee no more. Let the Heaven and the Hell of the future stand before thee in all their reality; one of these must be thine ETERNAL DWELLING PLACE, and to-day is the time to make thy choice. To-morrow may be too late—one day behind time. WHICH art thou living for? WHICH art thou traveling to?

To go from the haunts of sin, debauchery and vice to the presence of God and the Lamb—impossible; from the crowd of the condemned, and the race for gold and gain, to the song of the redeemed and the crown of glory. No, never! EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN HE CANNOT SEE THE KINGDOM OF GOD. Reader, hast thou been born again? If so well; but if not, the horrors of an ETERNAL HELL are awaiting thee, and to-day thou art nearer its unquenchable flame than thou hast ever been before.

Halt! Why will you meet God with an unsaved soul? He wills it not. To-day He pleads. Turn ye, why will ye die?